

Dew On The Vine

Bear's Den

Born to break or to last, is it all in the past?
Is that a scar or a birthmark?
Retracing this cold heart,
and now I'm all out of thread.
And I don't want to die here.

Keep chasing echoes of my mind,
Babe it's a fine line,
And I'm so far over it,
And I know it.

Beneath it all it's still broken,
Cut me out, cut it open,
I can't do it anymore.
I can't do it.

I don't pay any mind
To the dew upon the vine
Does that mean that it's not there,
If I can see it at all?
Though the morning light will burn away
All the fog the night creates,
There'll still be a trace of our love left behind -
In the dew upon the vine.

Where to go or to hide,
You're only worth your old lies.
Confiding in your own mine,
Caught in the cold lie,
I thought you were better man.
I thought you were better, man.

A slip step on the tight rope,
Freaked out by a false hope
That things could be alright.
No they're not alright.

I don't pay any mind
To the dew upon the vine
Does that mean that it's not there,
If I can see it at all?
Though the morning light will burn away
All the fog the night creates,
There'll still be a trace of our love left behind -
In the dew upon the vine.

I'll contain my heart,
It's like lightning trying to put out a spark.
I'll contain my heart,
You're like lightning trying to put out a spark.

I never payed any mind
To the dew upon the vine
Does that mean that it's not there,
If I can see it at all?
Though the morning light will burn away
All the fog the night creates,

There'll still be a trace of our love left behind -

And the driving rain will wash away

All the frightened fires I could not tame

There'll still be a trace of our love left behind -

In the dew upon the vine.